

THE LITTLE UNITY.

→* TENDER, * TRUSTY * AND * TRUE.*←

VOL. II.

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THE SNOW.

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.
Dancing, flitting, skimming along,
Beautiful Snow.

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whisking about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Beautiful Snow."

A LEATHER-SCENTED BEETLE.

CORA H. CLARKE.

This is a common beetle about one inch long and one-half inch wide. Its color, uniform throughout, is a lustrous metallic brown, sometimes purplish. The wing-cases are marked with longitudinal, fine, narrow stripes, having the appearance, somewhat, of grained leather. The thorax is punctured with minute dots the size of a pin-prick. The head is rather small, has a downward inclination, and is also dotted with fine pin-pricks. The eyes are large, black, round, and protuberant. The antennæ, placed in front of the eyes, are large and end in a knob or club consisting of three leaf-like bodies, or lamellæ, which open and close like a fan. This peculiarity of the antennæ extends to all the species of the *Scarabeidæ*, to which family this beetle belongs; only that some of them possess seven lamellæ instead of three. The under part of the body is more smooth and shining than the upper side. The beetle is quite flat; so much so that it could carry a silver five-cent piece on its back without much danger of losing it.

This insect has the odor of Russia leather, and by this means its presence may be detected at a distance of several yards. It is a flower-beetle, so called because it feeds on the delicate sweets of flowers and their pollen, and on the sap of wounded trees. It is a nocturnal beetle, coming abroad at night to obtain its food from flowers. By day it hides itself in the decayed hollows of trees and crevices of the bark, refreshing itself with the gently flowing sap. Its mouth parts are particularly adapted to the kind of nourishment which it takes. They are soft on the under side, and provided with a flat brush of hairs which collects the juices, before they enter the mouth. This beetle is quite dull and plain looking, as are most nocturnal insects. The day-fliers of the same family have brighter colors and some ornamentation. The larvæ of the *Osmoderma scabra* are large, white, fleshy grubs with red, hard heads, and like the beetle, are vegetable feeders. They inhabit the decayed holes of living trees, preferably apple and cherry trees, where through the summer and autumn they feed upon the crumbs of moist dead wood collected therein. Before cold

weather comes they build themselves an oval cell out of the bits of decayed wood among the particles of which they have burrowed. The small grains are cemented together by a moisture which the grubs themselves provide. This house is as large as a robin's egg, and when finished is entirely closed at every point. The walls are about twice as thick as an egg-shell, are very firm and not easily crushed. The exterior is rough, while the interior is smooth and glazed. This habitation is impervious to water and an admirable protection against cold and frost. All winter and spring the larva is undergoing its transformations. In July, when ready to emerge, the beetle breaks one end of its oval cocoon and enters the world.

A CORRECTION.

I made a mistake in describing the hickory leaf galls. There were three of them, including the acorn-like gall and the thorn-like gall, the larvæ of which I believed to be those of gall-wasps; but in the thorn-like specimens I afterwards found true gall-gnat larvæ, and an entomologist to whom I sent the three species says that they are all made by gall-gnats.

C. H. C.

SELF DECEPTION.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

One day I heard Jack say that he did not know he had told a lie; the next day he was sure he had not teased his sister and had not lost his mittens; and the next week he declared that he seldom made mistakes. The worst of all this was that he really believed what he said.

When his mother's eyes conquered, and held him to the truth, he at first tried to look as if he didn't care, but ended by sobbing out that he didn't know, and finally that he had not told what was true. Yet the next morning he laughed at Mollie because she did not want to go to dancing-school. When told to stop teasing her, he said: "I was not teasing her; I never do that. I only make her see how silly she is. But girls are so weak they can't let a fellow say a single word."

Jack always called things by their wrong names; told old ladies he didn't mind talking loud to them, and that he should never forget his spectacles were on his forehead and make everybody look everywhere for them. Yet he thought he rarely made mistakes, for even if what he said was unkind, it was the truth; and if he could not remember the names of things, and where people lived, it was not his fault, when he had so many lessons to learn; and that things were only mistakes when people might have known better; and that though he could not find his mittens, he had not lost them; only he had had no time to put them in the mitten drawer.

He had another habit of saying things broke themselves. He would lean so hard on a table that it would be tipped and a vase on one corner fall off; but as he had not touched

the vase, it broke itself. He would wipe the tumblers for his mother with such strength that the delicate glass was necessarily broken. He was manly enough to help in the housework, but at first could not see where came in his share in the breakage.

Now Jack really meant to be a good boy, but he had grown so accustomed to excusing himself to himself, that of course he excused himself to others. And as he grew older he found it harder to speak the truth to himself about himself than to others. But people would look at him queerly, with just a suspicion of an I-don't-believe-you smile in their eyes and around their lips, which recalled him to himself, and he stopped the half-formed words. Then he would go up-stairs and think it was real mean that people should make him say what he did not want to say; and then his conscience would give a little twinge, and he would try to stop it by saying: "I won't give in; it was so." Conscience would twitch harder; "Well, it was nearly so," he would reason. Conscience would give a mighty tug; "Well, it ought to have been so." Conscience would twinge and twitch and tug and prick and smart, till he would throw himself down on his bed, saying, "There, confound it! it is no use trying to make believe it was so, when I know it wasn't so."

This struggle was repeated a great many times, but conscience always won, till at last he never said anything to himself which was not true. He lost his mittens, teased his sister, broke dishes, but he said it was all his own fault, scolded himself for it and grew more careful and truthful each month, till finally he was called the boy who never made excuses.

THE SNAIL-LEECH.

The snail-leech carefully covers her eggs with her body, and sits upon them until the young ones are hatched. The small brood, sometimes one hundred and fifty or more in number, then attach themselves to the under surface of the parent, and are carried about wherever she goes. There are various species of this interesting family; all are inhabitants of fresh water; some incubate or sit upon their eggs, others carry them about in a hollow formed by the contraction of the sides. They have a long tubular proboscis, by means of which they suck out the juices of pond-snails and other water creatures. These snail-leeches move along in the same way as the common-horse-leech, and the medicinal-leech, namely by fixing the head-part on to the surface of some substance in the water and then drawing the hinder part up to it; they then extend the head portion and fix it upon another spot, again drawing up the other extremity. But the leeches, properly so called, have all red blood; that of the snail-leech is colorless.—*Country Walks of a Naturalist*, REV. W. HOUGHTON, LONDON.

An angry word is like a letter put into the post—once dropped it is impossible to recall it.

Learn to cultivate a wise reliance, based not on what you hope, but on what you perform.—*J. A. Garfield*.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever be a weak spot in the foundation.

THE LITTLE UNITY.

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Departments.

WHAT TO SEE, - Miss Cora H. Clarke, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.
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The older girls and boys, at home and at school, often think it a great burden that they must have a care over the younger ones, and help them through the hard places. It may interest them to hear how the small birds of Europe, who cannot fly very long distances at a time, are helped by their larger, if not always older, friends.

Some one writing in *Nature* says that "the small birds that are unable to fly the three hundred and fifty miles across the Mediterranean sea are carried over on the backs of cranes. When the first cold comes, the cranes fly low, making a peculiar cry. Little birds of every species fly up to them, while the twittering of those already settled may be distinctly heard. But for this provision many species of small birds would become extinct."

You never know how hard a thing is to do, until you try to do it yourself. You see another at work, and as you watch him you find this and that to criticise in his work. Johnny's snow-man is really quite tipping to one side when seen from a little distance, and you tell him so; one leg is very much bigger around than the other, and you mention that, too; and when the charcoal eyes, nose, and mouth, are finally set in, you explode with laughter at the unearthly effect produced by the distances between those features when viewed from your own locality. You are reminded rather roughly, perhaps, that you wouldn't help "work him up," and now you may just carry your laugh to another market, which doesn't tend to increase the good feeling.

There should always be the most friendly relations between critic and workman, but there frequently is not. Each needs the other and the work needs both.

This number of *LITTLE UNITY* closes its second year. It has been a year of faithful and hearty endeavor on the part of all who are interested in its welfare. Many new friends have been added to those of its first year, and if its readers have found half the pleasure and profit in studying its pages, that has been the experience of those who have worked upon it, then its usefulness has far exceeded its size! With the first of March it will be printed within the pages of *UNITY*, instead of in separate form as heretofore, and will have only two pages. The character of its contents will be much the same as before, but notices of books will appear under "The Study Table" in *UNITY*. Subscribers will receive copies of the two papers combined, until the expiration of their subscription, when we shall hope to receive renewals for *UNITY* and *LITTLE UNITY* in the combined form. We wish also to thank our friends, both subscribers and contributors, for the support and encouragement they have given, and ask their further co-operation in the future.

WHAT TO READ.

RUTH ELIOT'S DREAM. Mary Lakeman. Lee, Shepard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.

A story for girls, pure and elevated in tone, and healthful in sentiment, although the girl-characters which it depicts are perhaps a trifle overdrawn, and the entire plot and make-up of the tale rendered a little artificial by the too evident moral purpose with which it was written; yet, despite certain artistic faults, "Ruth Eliot's Dream" is a book which every thoughtful mother will gladly place in the hands of her young daughters. The story is one of quiet New England life, just before and during the War of the Rebellion, and without resort to sham sentiment or the sensational, retains its interest to the end. In the midst of so much that administers to a false and morbid taste in the literature of the day written for the young, Miss Lakeman's book offers a refreshing example of that which being pure, simple and natural, contains the best mental diet for the young girls of our times.

C. P. W.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour, a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.
Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way,
Little by little the Right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.
Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

—Scattered Seed.

POLITENESS.

I was in a compartment with a little French boy of twelve, the precise age at which American children, as a rule, are rude. He was dressed faultlessly, but his clothes were not the chief charm. I sat between him and the open window, and he was eating pears. Now, an American boy of that age would either have dropped the cores on the floor or tossed them out of the window without a word to anybody. But this small gentleman every time, with a "Permit me, Monsieur," said in the most pleasant way, rose and came to the window, and dropped them out, and then "Merci, Monsieur," as he quietly took his seat. It was a delight. I am sorry to say that such small boys do not travel on American railroads to any alarming extent. Would they were more frequent.—*Nasby.*

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant—"sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—*Presbyterian.*

INTELLIGENT HENS.

A correspondent of the Brunswick (Maine) *Telegraph* relates the following:

A hen and a large flock of chickens were in the habit of coming round our north back door, and were rather troublesome. One day Miss C. put out a favorite cat, saying: "There, Julia, if you can catch one of these chickens you shall have the whole of it." No sooner said than done—the chicken was caught and eaten. The hen came as usual next day with her chickens, but never after that day did she come without the company of another hen, who invariably took her position between the hen and chickens and the house door, and marched like any faithful sentinel back and forward in the space. If the cat made her appearance, she would fly at her and drive her away with such vigor that the cat was glad to run. "Julia" never got another of those chickens. Now, how did this mother hen communicate and make the other hen comprehend her loss and the service she required?

MY TRIUMPH.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win.

"What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made?"

—John G. Whittier.

"Once, while shooting in the mountains, I heard from behind a hill most direful howls and screams. Thinking that a wolf or leopard had seized a child, I rushed to the spot.

To my surprise I found a little shepherd girl peacefully driving her flock before her. As I looked she gave another scream, and I turned to my *skikari* (hunter) for an explanation.

"Ah!" said the old man, with an air of paternal wisdom, "don't you see what she's doing that for? The goats think she's the wolf, and hurry on to get out of her way. Ah! the wiles of man are very great."

The Sunday-School.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ISRAEL;

OR, EARLY BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 4, 1883.

Subject.--The Conquest; or Joshua and the Heroes.

PREPARATORY BIBLE READINGS.—The Book of Joshua.

I. The Conquest.

What of the foe west of Jordan? How was the campaign conducted? How did the Canaanites compare with the Hebrews in civilization? In morality?

II. Stories of Marvelous Help from Deity.

The walls of Jericho. The miracle of Ajalon.

III. Joshua, the Military Chieftain.

What is the historic probability of this story? His character? The silent Leader.

IV. The Distribution.

Joshua xiii.—xxii. The alleged division of the territory among the twelve tribes.

V. Closing Scenes.

Joshua xxiii.—xxiv. Joshua's farewell address. The religious committal.

LESSON X.—MARCH 11, 1883.

Subject.--Samson and the Judges; or The Romance of History.

PREPARATORY BIBLE READINGS.—The Book of Judges.

I. The Period.

From death of Joshua to time of Samuel;—how long a period does this include? The "Dark Ages" of Hebrew history. The evidence of turmoil and barbarism.

II. Who and What were the "Judges?"

More properly warriors or chiefs. "Guerrilla Chieftains," Stanley calls them. The boldest takes the lead in warlike emergencies. Some twelve different Judges mentioned. One of them a woman.

III. Stories from the Book of Judges.

1. Othniel, who tried to complete the work

Joshua began. 2. Shamgar fighting with an ox-goad. 3. Deborah, the Hebrew Boadicea. Her song the one poetic strain in the Book of Judges. Notice Barak's cowardice and Jael's treachery. 4. Gideon and his miracles. 5. Abimelech, the Bramble king. The fable of Jotham (see chap. ix: 7-15). 6. Jephthah. His vow. The significance of it. The countersign, "Shibboleth," or "Sibboleth."

IV. Samson.

Meaning of the word. His relation to other sun-myths. The stories; how explained?

V. The Contrast.

The last five chapters of Judges compared with the Story of Ruth, which is probably a fragment of the Book of Judges.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 18, 1883.

Subject.—Samuel and the Early Prophets; or the Beginnings of National Worship.

PREPARATORY BIBLE READINGS.—The First Book of Samuel.

I. The Political Situation.

The nomadic and tribal life solidifying into a monarchy. Decay of the coarser and cruder worship. Religion merging into more spiritual forms.

II. Samuel.

1. Stories of his childhood. 2. The last of the Judges. Combining civil and priestly offices. 3. The first of the Prophets—"The Open Vision," "The Uncovered Ear."

III. The Priest and Prophet contrasted.

1. The Priest: Inherited credentials. His power vested in the office. 2. The Prophet: The credentials found in his moral worth. His power vested in the *man*.

IV. The School of Prophets.

Their subsequent power. Their contribution to Jewry and to the world.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 25, 1883.

Subject:--Review.

A survey of the legendary and traditional portion of the Bible. Its value as history. Its relations to Religious Thought and Practice.

